

WE MUST BE HONEST

ARE we less honest than we were? As a people we have a name for fair dealing and promises faithfully kept. The great majority of our citizens are honest in their daily contacts, and their word is as good as their bond. War is a great fertiliser of the good, and qualities like courage, bravery, and self-sacrifice come to the top. Men grow in stature and walk with confidence. Men learn something of the greatness of their fellows and respect the good sense and uprightness of most people they know.

BUT war also is a degrader. Personal discipline and self-control are relaxed. Thousands of young people are freed from the restraints of home and school. Freedom is intoxicating. Many do things which in normal circumstances they would not do.

Such a judgment as this can be the only explanation of the reports about dishonesty in little things which give an unhappy side-light on wartime Britain. Every month, for instance, on the four main line railway companies, 14,500 electric light bulbs are stolen or broken.

Respect For the Property of Others

That is a sample not only of dishonesty but of vandalism. Much of it may be due to "high spirits" or to bravado. But explain it however we may, the dishonesty remains. Honesty respects other people's property and it respects above all the property that is provided for the convenience and use of others. It may seem to be a joke, and perhaps clever, to extract the blue bulb from a railway compartment, but in fact it is neither. It is dishonest. There is no other name for it.

ANOTHER kind of disregard, for other people's comfort and safety is seen in the widespread damage to the Fire Service water tanks. Tanks have been found filled with rubbish ranging from old bedsteads to bicycle frames, so that there has been less room for the water needed during air raids; actually needed, perhaps, to save life. Many tanks also have had to be repaired, and thousands of gallons of petrol for pumping, thousands of gallons of water, and hundreds of hours of labour have been wasted.

Thoughtlessness? Yes, it may be. But another name for it is dishonesty and selfishness. To fill a water tank with rubbish or to carry off a railway light shows a deep misunderstanding of the true basis of character.

A Cornerstone of Goodwill

We must be honest because honesty is rooted in respect for other people and their welfare. There are many people who see quick and dishonest ways of attaining success and fortune, and then remember that it will affect the happiness of others. It may be that this thought keeps them from being dishonest. It is a good and proper safeguard. For life can only be lived with the proper association of people with people, of individuals with individuals. The clash of personalities resounds across the world and is behind almost its every problem.

Simple, forthright honesty is a cornerstone for goodwill between men and between nations. A return to it is one of the urgent needs of our time. We must be able to trust the simple "yea" and "nay" of the

world's peoples. Unless that be restored without question to its true place in the world, there can be no true foundation for the future. Across the whole world men must be able to speak to one another and be understood. The day of half-truths and half-honesties is gone. Men must recognise in men of other nations comrades whose word is honourable and dependable. A man's word must be his bond.

We must be honest because world honesty grows out of individual honesty. The man who is tempted to take the electric light bulb may also be tempted to be crooked in his dealings about much greater things. He has acquired a habit of mind towards other people which tends to disregard their comfort and their rights.

The Basis of Mutual Trust

We must have people in the world who care for others and who respect and maintain the rights of others. Honesty is the bulwark of this kind of care. To look into a man's face and know that you can trust him, and that he sees in you a similar trust, is the basis of all human relationships, of all friendship. It must be the continuing way of human relationships.

WE must be honest because it is a recognition of the great community of human life. The world's peoples today live near each other and have most things in common. Food, clothing, houses, and all the varied multitude of contrivances which men have provided for themselves, are needed by all men. That they shall be available to all men is the common desire of all men—the sign of man's brotherhood and of his common interests. If one man starts to appropriate them for himself either to make profits, or selfishly to hoard them, then the brotherhood of man must suffer.

A Virtue All Can Attain

Honesty provides the confidence upon which man is able to build his community. It is not a virtue which is so remote that none can reach it. It is the commonplace of the market, of the street, of the counting-house. Thousands of lives turn on simple agreements to do things, and no one dreams of breaking them. Here is the basis of the common life in house, factory, and office. When honesty begins to weaken and appear doubtful then do the upper storeys of the building of life appear shaky and unsubstantial.

GIVE simple, forthright honesty a place in everyday life. Armies move on the word of a general. Navies span the oceans at the command of an admiral. The fleets of the skies depend on the accepted word of the man who orders and plans behind the scenes. Unless the word of those who direct and command is trusted there can be no true leadership. Here is the great key for personal and community living. It carries a deep respect for other people and their possessions. It recognises every man and his place in the universe of life. It knows that finally this great quality of honesty is based not on Man but on God. From Him comes the flow of honest judgment, honest dealing, and honest action. It has a divine inspiration at its heart.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EVERY
TUESDAY
3dPOSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 4d
No 1327

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE.



Gifts For the Hospital

City workers arriving at London Bridge each morning have been leaving surplus garden produce on a table at the station. It is collected later in the morning by members of the hospital staff and taken to Guy's Hospital.

WHISTLING WHILE HE WORKS

WHEN residents of a certain Sydney suburb hear a bird's call, they know that the postman has something for them.

Alec Walker is his name, and he is the Pied Piper of Annandale. As soon as school is over all the youngsters in the neighbourhood follow him on his rounds, for he is a wonderful bird mimic.

Some residents like their letters delivered to the whistle of a whippbird, others to the raucous laughter of a kookaburra, or the rollicking yodel of a butcher

bird. The children's favourite is hearing him imitate the lyre bird imitating other birds and sounds, for as well as mimicking to perfection the songs of other birds, the lyre bird can make such sounds as the barking of dogs, the hammering of nails, the swish of a saw, a broody hen with chickens, or the crack of a stockwhip.

The postman is welcome everywhere, but we doubt if there is another postman in the world so welcome as Mr Walker of Sydney.

What is Meant by D Day?

IN the past months few questions have been asked more frequently than What is meant by D Day?

Replying to one of its readers who asked to be given the precise meaning of the expressions D Day and H Hour, the American news-magazine Time gave this interesting reply.

D for Day, H for Hour means the undetermined (or secret) day and hour for the start of a military operation. Their use permits the entire timetable for the operation to be scheduled in detail and its various steps prepared

by subordinate commanders long before a definite day and time for the attack has been set.

So far as the United States Army can determine, the first use of D for Day, H for Hour was in Field Order No 8, of the First Army, A E F, issued on September 7, 1918, which read: "The First Army will attack at H Hour on D Day with the object of forcing the evacuation of the St Mihiel salient."

Is it not strange that a seeming mystery, which has puzzled millions, should have such a simple explanation?

FRANCE HEARS THE CLARION CALL

THOSE days for which France has been waiting for four long years have arrived. With the landing of fresh Allied armies on her southern shores, the French people have been assigned their full share in the deliverance of their beloved country. They have been allotted their special tasks—as soldiers, sailors, and airmen trained for modern battle outside their motherland, and as Maquis who have never bowed the knee to the enemy within.

It was to these stalwarts within France, anxiously waiting the result of the Allied hammer blows in the North, that De Gaulle sounded his clarion call for a national uprising.

"Frenchmen! the hour of liberation sounds. Join up with the French Forces of the Interior. Follow the directions of your leaders. The national uprising will be the prelude of liberation."

Even while these words were being heard throughout France came the heartening news that the Allies had made yet another landing on the soil of France, this time in the South.

On the morning of August 15, following many days of continuous bombing, an armada of 800 ships landed a mighty army on beaches along the 100 miles between Nice and Marseilles, preceded by another mighty airborne army of many thousands.

France's great hour had arrived, and Frenchmen everywhere read or heard this inspiring proclamation by Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, the Supreme Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean.

"The armies of the United Nations have landed in the South of France. Their objective is to drive out the Germans and join up with the Allied armies advancing from Normandy."

"French troops are participating in these operations side by side with their Allied comrades in arms by sea, land, and air. The army of France is in being again, fighting on its own soil for the liberation of its

country with all its traditions of victory behind it—remember 1918. "All mobilised Frenchmen, civilians as well as military, have their part to play in the campaign in the south. Your duty will be made clear to you. Listen to the Allied radio, read notices and leaflets, pass on all instructions from one man and woman to another."

"Let us end the struggle as quickly as possible so that all France may resume again her free life under conditions of peace and security."

"Victory is certain. Long live the spirit of France and all that it stands for."

Frenchmen everywhere are rallying to this call, and once again, all over France, are heard the strains of France's battle hymn, the Marseillaise, which first sounded the knell of other tyrants 150 years ago.

*Ye sons of France, awake to glory,
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise,*

*Your children, wives, and grand-sires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!*

*Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,*

*Affright and desolate the land
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?*

*To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved,*

To victory or death.

Jimmy Comes Home

WHEN the latest batch of British civilian prisoners returned from their German prison camps not long ago, Jimmy Newman was wearing a Union Jack on the front of his cap.

Jimmy is eight, but he left England as a baby, and even now his English is halting. Most of his short life has been spent in Holland, his father being on the staff of the American Embassy at the Hague. His family was split up when the Germans came, but later on they all met again in the crowded French camp of Vittel; and here they gave him the brown hat he was still wearing, with its victory adornment, when the good ship Drottningholm brought him home.

Jimmy's elder sister had made the Union Jack from bits of wool, and had sewed it on. Jimmy wore it in the camp, never letting it out of his sight. Jimmy's father also wore the emblems he had never taken down throughout his long internment. One was his Old Contemptibles' badge, the other his strip of ribbons from the last war.

SHEFFIELD ROCKET

GROWING on bombed sites in the centre of Sheffield are specimens of one of England's rarest plants—the London Rocket.

Following the Great Fire of London, in 1666, the devastated areas had profuse growths of London Rocket—which is presumably the origin of its nickname. Its full Latin name is *Sisymbrium Irio*. But since 1666 it has made very few appearances, and until this year there is no record of it having been found in Yorkshire since 1869, at Pontefract.

How it comes to be growing in the centre of Sheffield is one of Nature's mysteries.

South African Coal

MR F. C. STURROCK, South African Minister of Transport, has surprised many people with his statement that South Africa is now exporting more coal than any other country.

In 1939 the Union excavated 18 million tons, and last year's production figure was 22 million tons; and in response to urgent requests from Britain and the U.S.A. she has increased her monthly exports by 50 per cent.

Mr Churchill's Greatest Words

NONE of us who heard them—and most of us did—will ever forget Churchill's immortal words about the "few" who saved the world in the Battle of Britain—those few hundred fighter-pilots who smashed the Luftwaffe in those terrible days four years ago:

Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.

Perhaps even our great Prime Minister himself, thinking of the more immediate peril to London and to Britain, did not realise that the "many" whom the few were saving comprised the entire free world. But they realise it in Brazil, whose people have just made a remarkable gesture. From Rio, capital of that huge South American Republic, comes the news that the Brazilians, in fervent tribute to the R.A.F., have decided that Mr Churchill's magnificent tribute shall be inscribed on the monument which they are to erect in London to the memory of the British fighter-pilots who died, and to their comrades in the glorious adventure.

One of Brazil's leading architects, Senhor Leão Veloso, has designed the monument, which will bear Mr Churchill's words in English and in Portuguese, the language of Brazil. Meanwhile, Rio itself is renaming one of its leading thoroughfares, "Avenida Churchill," or Churchill Avenue.

HERO OF LE MANS

WE are accustomed in these glorious days to hearing tales of boy heros, for boys of all nations are doing the amazing, the impossible, the unforgettable; not with courage only, but with the cool intelligence which is often more important.

No wonder, then, that the American military authorities are sending a reward to a 14-year-old lad of Le Mans.

The retreating Germans had blown up only a few of the bridges leading into the city before the advancing Americans were on their heels. But they had made all preparations for full-scale demolition, and it would have been a bad thing if the great central bridge had been dynamited. The charge was ready, the fuse was set, and this boy cut the fuse! With such deeds of bravery is France finding her soul once more.

A Boon for Airmen

A LEADING scientist and the Chief Surgeon in England of the U.S. Army Air Force, Brigadier-General Malcolm C. Grow, has made yet another valuable contribution towards saving the lives of airmen wounded in action.

Some months ago he designed the armoured suit and curtains which have protected thousands of airmen from shell splinters, and he is still working on a design for light-weight steel helmets for airmen.

His latest invention is a bag which is electrically heated to ensure that bomber casualties flying at great heights do not die of cold or frost-bite. But this bag has yet another use, for it will keep afloat when aircraft "ditch in the drink."

LITTLE NEWS REELS

A FULL-BLOODED Mohawk Indian, Princess Scattering Flowers, was the first recruit to join the Women's Army Corps in Rockland County, New York State.

UNRRA have stated that about 13 million people in Europe have been uprooted from their countries by the war.

Up to March this year the war had cost New Zealand £383,000,000.

During this war 97 VCs have been awarded, 31 going to the British Army.

Germany lost 198 U-boats in the last war; in this war she has so far lost over 500.

More of lovely Dovedale has gone into the keeping of the National Trust with Mr W. E. Battersby's gift of 156 acres of New Hanson Grange Farm.

A 26-FOOT-LONG wall-painting by Mr Gordon Ransom of the ancient rush-bearing festival in Ambleside Church has been given to that church by the artist.

Salvage of all kinds collected from British households between the outbreak of war and the end of April last was 5,340,203 tons.

Liberation News Reel

THE Allied landing in the South of France was made on the 175th anniversary of Napoleon's birth.

Rapidly-advancing American armour and infantry are being supplied with food, ammunition, and fuel dropped from the air.

Allied planes have been spraying Pontine marshes to prevent the malarial mosquito from breeding.

Ports in North Africa, Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica were used for assembling the Riviera invasion fleet.

Over 14,000 airmen took part in the initial assault on Southern France.

MR CHURCHILL and Marshal Tito have met in Rome.

Since the U.S.A. entered the war about 700,000 tons of bombs have been dropped by American aircraft.

The U.S. Army, with over 2 million drivers, has one motor vehicle for every seven soldiers.

During this war the Red Cross organisation has raised £38,000,000.

More than 9000 British prisoners of war in Germany are studying for examinations. The percentage of passes among those who have already sat is remarkably high.

Maurice Turnbull, Glamorgan and England cricketer, and Welsh Rugby international, has laid down his life in Normandy.

More than 226,000 prisoners of war are in the United States.

Trans-Atlantic air crossings during the war now number over 20,000.

The Prime Minister has followed General Alexander in making an urgent appeal for books for the Forces. Please take books to any post office.

BRADFORD is making plans for rebuilding its centre after the war.

Canterbury archaeologists are planning to excavate for Roman remains beneath bombed sites in the city.

Road accidents in June caused 497 deaths and 10,441 injuries. 135 fewer people were killed than in May, but the total is 117 more than in last June.

More than a million U.S. troops are fighting in the Pacific.

In a two-day blitz on German railway communications behind the front in France fighters of the U.S. Eighth Army Air Force destroyed or damaged 586 locomotives and over 5000 wagons.

Nagasaki, which was the target for American bombers in a recent raid, has a population of 200,000 and is Japan's eleventh largest city.

Flying as low as 50 feet, Mosquitoes recently carried out one of the most daring mine-laying operations of the war, in the vital Dortmund-Ems Canal.

A mobile broadcasting station, the Golden Arrow, keeps the British Forces in the field in constant touch with the War Office or other Headquarters Commands. A unit of seven vehicles, complete with living quarters for its crew of 22, it can transmit and receive 30,000 words a day, going "on the air" within three hours of arrival at any place.

Youth News Reel

A DISPLAY given by the 3rd Tottenham Company of The Girls Life Brigade for the benefit of merchant seamen was well supported. £10 was raised and sent to the Merchant Navy Comforts Service.

Many Chaplains are in camp with their own Boys Brigade Companies, forging links of friendship which should hold boys to the Church when their BB days end.

One of the largest BB Camps this summer is near Henley, where in four successive weeks nearly 1000 Brigaders are under canvas on Lord Hambleden's Greenlands estate on one of the loveliest reaches of the Thames.

In a camp near Oxford, Brigade Boys have had the privilege of playing cricket on the grounds of some of the colleges.

When a chimney caught fire in his home, 12-year-old Brian Poole, of the 2nd Marlborough Scout Group, and a woman evacuee were the only two in the house. The woman fainted, but Brian immediately ran for the fire brigade and

the doctor, and until the firemen arrived, manned the stirrup pump. Brian has now received a Letter of Commendation from Sir Percy Everett.

When 14-year-old Scout Ronald Crone of Ontario heard that a neighbour, whose husband was serving overseas, was ill with pneumonia, and her five-year-old son also seriously ill, he decided to move in with the stricken family. Ronald nursed them, cooked, kept the fires going, and generally made himself useful. When asked if he was a friend of the family he replied, "No, I just thought as a Scout I'd step in and help a bit."

HAVING heard that little Freddy King had fallen into the river, 11-year-old Scout Aubrey Evans of the 1st Berriew Group, borrowed a clothes prop and with this caught the lad's jersey and turned him over so that no more water could get into his lungs. He then angled the unconscious boy to the river bank.

A Feast For the Ladybirds

SWARMS of ladybirds streaming into Southend-on-Sea, have lately given that famous holiday resort a shock. For they have settled down like locusts, covering people and shops and goods and streets. And though we all like one ladybird at a time, a plague of millions is too much.

There is no cause for alarm at such an invasion, however. Indeed, the only explanation for this particular plague is that the ladybirds have come to Southend because a good larder of green and black fly awaits them in the district. These flies are the ladybird's favourite food, and farmers and gardeners therefore regard the little "Maiden's Beetle" as their friend, just as do small children and grown-ups who have

not forgotten their childhood. Hopgrowers in particular, with other agriculturists, welcome an insect whose adults and larvae make such a regular meal of the destructive aphides. Nevertheless, the very rarity of a large-scale visitation of ladybirds makes people dread such an occasion.

But why "ladybird" in English? The name is probably a corruption of "ladybug," and the "lady" means the Virgin. In French the little insect is called "bête de Dieu," or "God's beastie." In German it is Our Lady Fowl or Mary's Fowl. But yet another name in English for the ladybird is The Bishop Barnaby, which nobody seems able to explain.

TIMOTHY TORTOISE

THE scholars of St Joseph's College, Beulah Hill, South London, are very proud of their mascot. He is an ancient tortoise known as Timothy, some 224 years old, there being evidence that he was hatched out in Greece just after the War of the Spanish Succession. Now he looks like surviving the Second World War and living well on into his third century.

Timothy was mascot to HMS Victoria when she was rammed by HMS Camperdown in the Mediterranean in 1897, and a naval officer who rescued him from the sea took care of him for many years in his garden at Kingston.

What a tale old Timothy could tell if he could only speak!

A Pistol For The Horse

WERE the battle of Bosworth refought under modern conditions Richard the Third would have had to alter his despairing demand. He would no longer cry, "My Kingdom for a horse!" In all probability it would be a Jeep for which he would raise his voice. The sight of a Jeep to him could have been hardly more surprising than would be a battle charger to present-day officers on a field of conflict in France.

True, the Cossacks have achieved wonders in traditional fashion as the cavalry of certain sections of the Russian front, but apart from this example modern cavalry is mechanised; tanks, armoured cars, self-propelled guns, and Jeeps do the

work of the horse in battle today.

Old cavalymen in their clubs, regretting their gallant chargers, may whisper that the Service is going to the dogs; old soldiers have always said that. But they can scarcely be more shocked by the change than were their ancestors four centuries ago this very year. Here runs the old record: "1544, Pistols were first used by the Horse this year." The Horse was the term they used for our cavalry. What must the users of lance and battleaxe have said to that innovation? It brought changes most startling; other firearms following, the enormous weight of armour that the old knights had worn grew obsolete, so smaller, lighter horses served to carry the burdens. The war-horses, gigantic if slow, took to the fields, and their descendants are the mighty Shire horses of modern agriculture and town transport.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

AN old lady walked into the office of the secretary of a South Wales Savings Committee the other day and asked about further investments as she already had her full quota of Savings Certificates. The secretary suggested Defence Bonds.

"When will they be repaid?" she asked.

"In seven years," replied the secretary.

"That's all right," said the old lady eagerly. "That will suit me fine; I shall just be a hundred years old."

BLACKBURN LOSES ITS BURN

WE have heard of all kinds of things being lost, from elephants to pins, but the famous Lancashire town of Blackburn recently lost its river, the Blakeburn.

After an exceptionally heavy rainstorm there was a flood which burst a big sewer under the river bed and made a cavity into which the river flowed as the flood water subsided.

When the river-bed dried up the borough engineer had to make tests to trace the subterranean progress of the river.

We trust that it will not be very long before the people of Blackburn can see their reflections in their "burn" once again.

THE SMILING GUARD

AFTER 46 years' service with the LNER on their Darlington-Wearhead sector in County Durham Guard Emerson Bell of Wearhead has retired; he is 68.

Known to thousands of travellers in the North, Mr Bell had a smile and a pleasant word for everyone, and was in fact known as the "Smiling Guard." He has conducted passenger trains over many thousands of miles and never once had an accident, nor was he ever once late for work.

Bringing the Wild West to England

A CERTAIN town in East Anglia was recently the scene of much Wild West hilarity, for here was held a horse show such as has never been staged on the greensward of rural England.

It was a rodeo, in aid of charity, in the good old cowboy tradition, and the chief performers were a hundred or more horsemen in buck or sheepskin trousers, spurs, and stetson hats, and holsters at the hip. They were, in fact, cowpunchers from the ranches of Arizona, Colorado, Montana, New Mexico, Texas, Wyoming, and many another



Seeing the Doctor

To help French villagers in need of medical attention our forces have set up clinics. Here an R.A.F. medical officer, on the right, is superintending the treatment of a small patient while others await their turn.

FOR THE MAQUIS

SOME idea of how much Allied airmen are helping the French patriots can be gathered from this report in the underground newspaper, The Voice of the Maquis.

The newspaper states that in one supply-dropping operation alone by the Allied Air Forces four acres of parachute silk were used; the total weight of the aircraft involved was 1740 tons—the equivalent of about 150 aircraft of the Dakota type; 3992 men were concerned in flying and servicing the planes; and the fuel consumed by the planes totalled some 71,800 gallons.

Allotments in Hollywood— or Anywhere Else

A good friend of the CN who is a gardening expert has written to point out a slip in a paragraph in last week's issue, under the heading Allotments in Hollywood.

We stated that Bing Crosby had found that smokers should wear gloves while tending their tomato plants, because nicotine is deadly to them. Our friend states that the advice is sound, but the reason wrong—nicotine is not harmful to them, but a smoker's bare hands may be.

This is because the tobacco plant is susceptible to a virus disease which also affects the tomato plant; and this virus, so minute that no filter can separate it, may easily be transferred from the fingers of a tobacco user to his tomato plants.

ITALIAN HERO

A 14-year-old boy was watching Italian prisoners-of-war repairing bomb damage in Southern England when a flying bomb dipped its nose and dived straight at them. Without a second's hesitation one of the Italians threw himself across the boy, so that his body would protect him. The Italian was seriously injured by a large piece of masonry, but the boy escaped.

KINGCOBRA

A NEW American fighter plane is making its appearance on the battlefronts.

It is the Kingcobra, an improved version of the famous Airacobra. The Kingcobra is more streamlined and more powerful than the Airacobra, and, although it is heavier, it has 50 per cent greater fighting range. The service ceiling has been raised from 30,000 to 35,000 feet, and the speed from 375 to 400 miles per hour. Its armament of one 37-mm cannon is the same. A feature common to both planes is that the engine is fitted behind the pilot.

The Screen in the School

THE 22 members of the Association of Short Film Producers are planning to make educational films after the war, with the assistance of the Ministry of Information. They hope to establish an international pool of school films, with a central library, in the United Kingdom, and to provide every classroom with facilities for showing films.

Among subjects which might with advantage be taught on the screen are History, Literature, Geography, Languages, General Science, and Citizenship; but the possibilities, including

THE JET-PROPELLED SHIP

AFTER the jet-propelled plane are we to have the jet-propelled ship?

We learn from the excellently produced Merchant Navy Journal that in spite of the proved inefficiency of the system in the past, a Swedish engineer named Davie Lindahl is convinced that jet-propulsion could be made useful for shipping, and is going to carry out a number of experiments in the Gothenburg Tank.

SHOPKEEPERS' DEBTS

THE Lord Chancellor, Lord Simon, has introduced into the House of Lords a Bill to extend into the post-war period the special measures for relieving people with liabilities due to war conditions.

Among other things, it plans to relieve shopkeepers from the situation that may face them when the wartime moratorium (suspension of repayment of debt) ends. Thus a shopkeeper may get reduction or postponement of debt so that he may get on his feet again. He may also be relieved by the courts of his liability for rates. Protection against the forfeiture of leases through the non-payment of rent can also be given in appropriate cases.

WELL DONE!

HMS WOLFPOUND is a destroyer with 27 years' service to her credit, and her crew are rightly proud of her. In 16 months she has convoyed nearly 3000 ships, never missing a convoy or breaking down, and has steamed over 50,000 miles. Her company have been in over 500 actions.

such specialised subjects as Economics, Medical Science, Aeronautics, and Meteorology, are practically unlimited. History, for instance, no longer the text book bore which so many school-children consider it, will be taught by graphic reconstructions of periods and of events, Geography by pictures of maps of countries, cities, people, crops, and industry; Literature by bringing to life on the screen the books and plays of great men.

The extensive use of films will indeed open up new and exciting vistas in school education.

August 26, 1944

The Children's



Good Pals

One of Britain's top-scoring pilots, Wing Commander Johnny Johnson, enjoys a little relaxation on the wing of his Spitfire with his Labrador retriever Sally. Recently Wing Commander Johnson has been promoted to Group Captain.

WHEN DOES A BOY GROW?

THE medical correspondent of the Times raises the question of a schoolboy's rate of growth when on holiday. He points out that many doctors and parents have come to realise that boys at Public Schools gain weight more rapidly during the holidays than they do during the term. The Lancet publishes observations which suggest that this irregular growth is not necessarily a normal phenomenon.

The figures for height and weight at three well-known Public Schools, X, Y, and Z, were analysed for four years in three age groups. For X and Y the monthly gains for height and weight were invariably greater for the holidays than during the terms, and this occurred in pre-war years in one school. Actually the boys put on about twice as much in weight during the 17 weeks of the holidays as they did during the 35 weeks of school.

At school Z, however, the boys grew more regularly throughout the year, but with the more rapid gains at school. The annual increase averaged about the same for weight at all three schools, but at school Z the greatest

annual increase in height occurred.

No doubt there are many factors concerned with growth. It has been generally accepted that increased mental and physical strain at school accounts for irregular growth. If this is so, however, why not at school Z? It is stated that all three schools take boys from the same type of homes, and school Z has a good scholastic record and a good football team. It is hinted that the key to the difference is to be found in the food. Whatever the truth of the matter, we have yet to hear of the schoolboy who will admit that school food is as good as that provided at home; and, judging by the appetites of boys during school holidays, most mothers will believe there is something in this!

If boys are more active at school they need more food and more time to eat it. They also require more opportunities for rest. The Lancet investigators say, "All work and no play has long been known to make Jack a dull boy." It is beginning to look as though it might make him also rather a small man.

His Majesty Buys a Sandcastle

THE British Red Cross and Order of St John has just received a donation of £1 from the purse of a ruling monarch. It is an interesting gift, because it comes from nine-year-old King Feisal of Iraq as a summer-holiday tribute—and with a story.

Feisal, a bright little man who is being brought up to like and respect all things British, has been holiday-making recently at Alexandria, the delightful seaside town on the Mediterranean which is Egypt's second city. Iraq has no seaside, and as King Farouk of Egypt married Feisal's aunt, the little monarch spends much time on holiday in Egypt. The last time he was there a competition was held on the pleasant sands of Alexandria, at a children's party, to see who could build the finest sandcastle. One group of children made such a beautiful model that it was put up for auction for charity. King Feisal bought it for £1, and then asked that the money should go to the Red Cross.

The young king is deeply interested in all mechanical things, particularly model railways, aeroplanes, and tanks. The British Government, knowing his keenness, has given him several fine birthday presents of the kind, and the royal nursery in Baghdad has a growing collection of miniatures and models which work in a manner to delight any boy, even though he may be a king with a big country and big responsibilities in the future.

Feisal, descendant of a famous Arab line, is a quiet boy, but clever and lively, with a sunny temperament and solid character.

TRAINING BULLOCKS

LIEUT. A. J. MILLS has perhaps one of the strangest jobs in the war. He is giving bullocks battle-training in India.

All kinds of noises are made to accustom the animals to anything they might encounter when they accompany the troops through the jungle as pack animals. They are even trained to the use of camouflage—perhaps the most difficult part of the entire course.

Safety From Bomb Blast

DANGER from the blast of flying bombs can be lessened by the application of common sense. This is the verdict of a research expert of the Ministry of Home Security, who has dealt effectively with what seems the freakish behaviour of blast.

It is pointed out that from any explosion, even the bursting of a paper bag, blast occurs. It moves like a wave in all directions from the explosion point, and for a fraction of a second the air pressure increases to maximum intensity. The wave of air pushed forward leaves behind a gap, so that there is always a following wave of suction. Most serious damage to people and houses is done by the pressure of blast, which pushes walls down and hurls people forward. But the wider damage is the work of the suction, which lasts longer and travels farther.

Open windows, however, give the blast pressure the means of equalising on both sides of the pane before the glass moves far enough to splinter. With casement windows, which are usually provided with stays that enable us to leave them open in varying degrees, it is always important to keep them partly open.

It is seldom that people are injured by direct pressure from blast, which can compress the chest and damage the lungs; most injuries are received by people blown about or hit by flying debris.

Expert advice is:

Lie down, on a flat surface or behind a stout obstacle such as a low, thick wall, or in a cavity. All such obstacles will cast a protecting "shadow" from blast.

Apart from glass, the greatest danger is from the collapse of a house. Go under the table or even under the stairs at dangerous moments. This, it is stressed, is intelligent and sensible behaviour which will help beat the blast.

"YOU'RE WELCOME"

"YOU'RE welcome, bless you," said the old man in the wayside shanty to the holiday-maker, as she returned the lemonade glass with thanks.

The holiday-maker smiled. "He's as gracious as though he had given me the drink. Instead of my paying for it," she thought, and then rebuked herself. One was not always welcome to what one did pay for, these days. Some service, indeed, was so grudging that it was difficult to feel at ease in accepting it.

After all, this small purchase had been something more than a business transaction; the old man had offered her a seat, had talked a little about the lovely countryside which was so near to his ugly village and was yet too far for him to walk to nowadays, and had spoken, not unsympathetically, about the problems the billeting of evacuees had brought to the district. Yes, it was good that a man who might well be disgruntled with the world should instead extend his blessing to the passing stranger.

So the holiday-maker went happily on her way, back to a guesthouse where also, despite many wartime difficulties, the host and hostess and staff made everyone feel welcome, and gave refreshment to body and spirit.

EDITOR'S TABLE

MISINTERPRETER

WASHINGTON has been taking stock of its impressions of General de Gaulle, and has voted him its most dignified visitor.

One good story has come to us of his stay in the U.S. capital. The French leader went out to Walter Reed Hospital to pay his respects to General Pershing, and the interpreter who was present at the meeting became so excited that he found himself talking English to General de Gaulle and French to General Pershing!

Thousands of Airports

THE American Assistant Secretary of Commerce, Mr William Burden, has stated that the Civil Aeronautics Administration will recommend to Congress the building of 3000 new airports in the United States, largely intended for private flying, at a cost of £250,000,000. Mr Burden adds that the United States has already 3086 airports. He asks each community to examine its future from the point of view of aviation because the task of expansion could not be done by Washington alone.

Britain has been called a great aircraft-carrier. It appears that the United States is to become one vast airfield.

The Fastest Bowler

IN Wisden's Almanack, the cricket guide, Sir Stanley Jackson has paid a remarkable tribute to Harold Larwood, declaring him to be the best fast bowler he has ever seen.

This is a truly wonderful tribute, for this great Yorkshire and England cricketer knew, and played against, many of the bygone giants, and it is refreshing to hear a sportsman declaring a modern to be the equal of his own contemporaries, let alone their superior.

CARRY ON

PLEASANT THOUGHTS

WHEN silent hours of darkness creep
And weary eyes refuse to sleep,
While worries throb and on me leap,
I thank Thee, Lord, for pleasant thoughts.

When times are hard and days are grey,
And toils increase upon my way,
When life has lost its sparkle gay,
I thank Thee, Lord, for pleasant thoughts.

Whate'er the lot bestowed on me,
However rough my path may be,
I pray I ever cause may see
To thank Thee, Lord, for pleasant thoughts. *David Effaye*

HUMAN NEEDS

THE first condition of human goodness is something to love; the second, something to reverence. *George Eliot*

Toward a Richer

ONE half of the world does not know how the other half lives—that is a truism. But neither do half of our own people know how the other half live, though the truth here is perhaps less generally recognised; and the one good thing, at least which we must hope will come out of the evacuation of southern folk to the west, to the east, and to the north, will be a richer understanding. From this enforced intermingling of our people, we trust, will come a greater knowledge of the ways of others which will induce a new respect for them, and a finer appreciation.

We are reminded of this by a letter from a London friend, now in Wales.

We had been watching the sunset, she writes, and had not been home very long when Gwilym came in to say that a Welsh Choir was singing on the sea-front. Would we like to go and hear it? If really was most impressive. The Choir had come from Wrexham, and were singing impromptu, and there were hundreds of Welsh people standing around and singing together. Such a strange mixture of people too—soldiers and sailors, airmen, boys and girls, old

Under the E

THE question of how high the kitchen sink should be has never been solved. It is up to someone.

SCHOOLGIRLS are taught how to keep a house. But not how to get one.

It is said of an author that he writes with a punch. Hopes to make a hit.

A MAN who runs a private zoo complains that there are too many hyenas in it. A laughing stock.



If a r way to

The Inward M

WE are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; we faint not; but, though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day, for our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of

The Voices of Cherubs

THERE is something exceedingly thrilling in the voices of children singing. Though their music be unskilful, yet it finds its way to the heart with wonderful celerity. Voices of cherubs are they, for they breathe of Paradise; clear, liquid tones that flow from pure lips and innocent hearts, like the sweetest notes of a flute, or the falling of water from a fountain.

Longfellow

Understanding

men and women. The later it got the bigger the crowd grew, and we came away about eleven o'clock when it was really dark, but they were still singing, and looked as though they would go on all night. It really was the most thrilling thing I have experienced for a long time.

We cannot but believe that our friend, with no previous knowledge of the Welsh, has now a full appreciation of their sterling qualities—their warmth of feeling and deep-sprung emotion such as are manifest in this mass singing. And we cannot but believe that such appreciation, multiplied a millionfold as it surely must be, will prove a blessing to our people when once more they face together all the problems of peace.

INCREDIBLE

A FARM bailiff, asked by a warden if he had seen an airman who had baled out near his farm, said that one of his men had said something about a man with a parachute who asked the way to the nearest policeman, but "he was not much interested and had forgotten the matter."

Editor's Table

PUCK O KNOW FILMS cost so much per foot. Those who get the money are at the head.

SOME people think travelling at night is thrilling. We cannot see much in it.

A MAN says that when he visited Lord's Cricket Ground there were a lot of faces missing. But people kept their heads.

A LONDON householder mended his own front door. Probably a panel doctor.

Man is Renewed

glory. We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

We know that if our earthly house were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We walk by faith; not by sight. *St Paul*

TRUST IN GOD

I HAVE no answer for myself or thee
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee;
"All is of God that is, and is to be;
And God is good." Let this suffice us still,
Resting in childlike trust upon His will
Who moves to His great ends unthwarted by the ill.

John Greenleaf Whittier

A SON'S TRIBUTE

ONE of the Empire's great men, back home after a visit to the Motherland, has paid her people a warm tribute.

He said that his outstanding impressions were of the fine dignity and proud spirit of Englishmen and their refusal everywhere to dramatise the effect of the war. One saw their innate love for law and order, and their respect for authority and one another. Out of the pool of invincible human quality the whole British race drew its inspiration and strength. Leaders of Britain were found in all phases of life. The leadership was worthy of the cause, and the cause worthy of the leadership.

The speaker was Honest John Curtin, Prime Minister of Australia.

The Young Old Man

IN his deeply interesting volume *My Life of Music*, Sir Henry Wood has a remarkable passage in which he reminds us of the wonderful work of a number of gifted men who were able to continue their work in old age. He says:

"After all, did not Verdi write *Falstaff* at eighty, and the *Te Deum* and *Stabat Mater* at eighty-five? Tintoretto painted *Paradiso*, a canvas measuring 74 by 30 feet at seventy-four; Goethe completed *Faust* at eighty; Cato began to learn Greek at the same age; Tennyson wrote *Crossing the Bar* at eighty-three; Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote *Over the Teacups* at seventy-eight; Gladstone became Prime Minister of England for the third time at seventy-seven; and Titian painted that wonderful historic canvas *The Battle of Lepanto* (which hangs in Venice) at ninety-eight."

JUST AN IDEA

He who, by his work, adds a little beauty to the world, may not make money... yet he enriches not himself only, but others.

MY NATIVE VALE

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager:
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree
And shells his nuts at liberty.
In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.
The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Samuel Rogers

Saving Grass on the Gold Coast

EVERY year—in the very months that are coldest and wettest in Great Britain—the hot, dry wind of the Harmattan sweeps down from the Sahara desert to the northern parts of the Gold Coast, and leaves all the grasslands as dry as tinder.

In the bad old days the Gold Coast farmers used to get rid of this "useless" grass by firing it. But in 1941 the Lawra Native Authority in the area affected, acting with the advice and guidance of British colonial officials, began to change all this. It called public meetings throughout the district and put forward four important reasons why the custom should stop.

First of all, it was explained, the growing grass cannot enrich the soil and make thicker pasture if it is burned every year. Secondly, when there are no grass roots left to hold the earth together, the rains come and wash away the top soil and leave a sandy waste where nothing will grow. Thirdly, the wholesale burning of grass scorches and harms the fruit trees. Lastly, if the grass is mown and stored at the proper time, instead of being burned, it can be used profitably in making compost manure to fertilise the farmlands.

The Gold Coast Africans are shrewd farmers: they saw the strength of the arguments, and were soon co-operating with their Native Authority in carrying out a new bylaw against the deliberate firing of grasslands. There is only one exception to the ban: the waste "bush" land still has to be fired, so that lions and leopards and other dangerous wild animals cannot hide themselves in the long grass.

Even so the "bush" grass-fires are strictly controlled to prevent their spreading to the useful grasslands, wide paths being hoed all round the areas to be burned. The firing is timed to take place before the arrival of the Harmattan, so that there is less chance of the winds carrying sparks or flames where they are not wanted. And when the firing begins, the people of Lawra all turn out, with branches in their hands, and man the path defences, to beat back the fire should it threaten to leap the barrier and invade their own grasslands.

AN IDEALIST ON THE SCREEN

A TECHNICOLOR film has been made of the life of Woodrow Wilson, President of the U.S.A., and it has already been shown to a private audience in New York.

This ambitious production has a cast of 13,000, and there are no fewer than 148 speaking parts. The film runs for two and a half hours, and cost over £1,000,000 to produce. Never before have American politics been portrayed with such amazing vividness and colour, it is said. This Twentieth Century Fox film, which claims to be historically correct, tells the story of President Wilson's dramatic denunciation of the German Ambassador Bernstorff, and of how America rejected Wilson's great dream, the League of Nations.

We shall look forward to seeing on the screens of Britain this film of one of America's noblest presidents.

A PROPHECY COME TRUE

MR CHURCHILL'S "glorious story, not only of the liberating of the fields of France from atrocious enslavement, but the uniting in true comradeship of the English-speaking peoples," has reminded us of some remarkable verses published eighty years ago.

Their author, William Everett, was the son of a popular American Ambassador to England, whose able service led to honorary degrees being conferred upon him by the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. William, after graduating at Harvard College, came to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took high honours. In 1864 he delivered twelve lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston, embodying his impressions of university life at Cambridge as compared with that at Harvard. These were published in 1866 in his book entitled *On the Cam*.

Of Emmanuel College, founded by Sir Walter Mildmay, the Puritan, who declared to Queen Elizabeth that he had "set an acorn, which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof," Everett wrote: "It was from Emmanuel that there went forth Hooker and Shepard and Higginson and John Cotton to carry the lamp of the Gospel and scarcely less glorious lamp of liberty all over the wastes of New England... that John Harvard came to make his will in favour of the college at Newtowne (now Cambridge) and then die. These were the children that Emmanuel sent forth to help the struggling colony of Massachusetts."

And later in this book he sets down these prophetic words:

"Fellow citizens, there is a work, a mighty work, in the united action of England and America... What power on

earth can resist two such mighty energies, leading to some future Chattanooga of liberty the whole vast army of the Saxon name, in one unbroken charge along the entire line, circling the flanks, right and left at once, breasting the heights, crushing through the rifle-pits, and thundering down the farther slope on the scattering rabble of darkness?"

"Two coursers of imperial race, With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace,

England and America!

Ye cannot break the cord of gold

That binds in one the sister lands;

Unharm'd by man the links will hold, When God hath forged their glittering bands.

Though every fiend that hell hath screened,

In falsehood's foulest gloom intugged at the chain with might and main

It cannot, shall not, be dissolved, By every fight for freedom fought,

By every song for freedom sung, By every right so dearly bought, By stalwart arm or silver tongue;

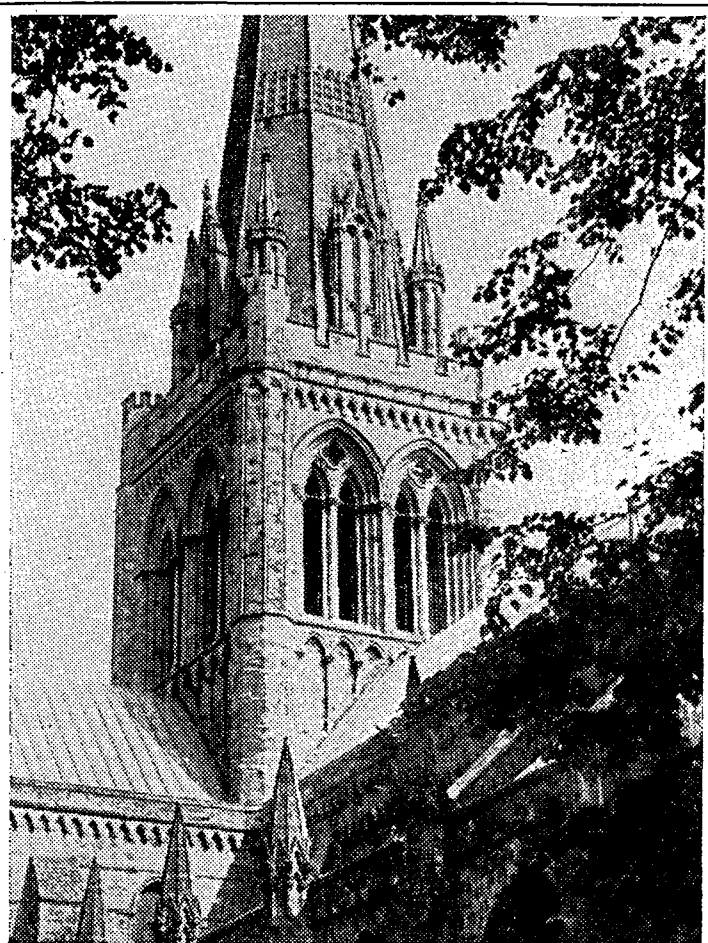
By all the past, our friendship fast

Nor time shall change, nor ocean By all the hopes the future opes,

Her triumphs shall be ours for Though cold and strange,

By every right so dearly bought, Still turn thy brother's hearts to thee;

Firm mayst thou stand, our Our beacon-light across the sea!"



THIS ENGLAND

Chichester Cathedral's stately spire, rising 277 feet above the city

The "Little Universities" Would Not Submit

OF all Hitler's many villainies, one of the most villainous was the way in which he suppressed the universities of Europe—or rather tried to suppress them, for he never succeeded. He knew, from his own standpoint, what he was doing, for it was among the student bodies in conquered capitals and big cities that the chief forces of resistance challenged him.

That was so even in his own country; for though the Berlin students may have been fanatical champions of Nazism, the students of Munich included many convinced anti-Nazis, numbers of whom paid for their courage with their lives not long ago. But Munich has always looked down upon Berlin.

Let us consider a few of the smaller universities where Hitler has encountered opposition. In France there is Grenoble. That famous university town has been a centre of Maquis defiance, and doubtless there are others. In Holland the Fuehrer had to close down the delightful old university of Leyden, where they still speak Latin. In Norway the students at Oslo never wavered in their proud refusal to submit their minds to Terboven, the grim Nazi Gauleiter, and his Norwegian henchman Vidkun Quisling, first of all quislings. In towns overrun by the Nazis in the Soviet Union the boys and girls of the universities gladly faced death and torture rather than be slaves of Hitler. In Copenhagen, where the Fuehrer hoped to create his "model Protectorate," scorn and

contempt met him in every classroom.

It was the same in Belgrade and Zagreb. Tito's magnificent partisans include a big number of Yugoslav university students of all three races in King Peter's land. Belgium, too, has a powerful and defiant underground movement, in which students from Brussels, Ghent, Liège, and Antwerp are playing their part. The students of Athens are fighting in the Greek mountains as dauntlessly as the men with Leonidas fought of old.

These men and girls know what they fight for, and that is why Hitler sought to crush them, first of all. In Poland, the special target of his hatred, after the Jews, he deliberately set himself to murder all the university teachers on whom he could lay hands, and most of the students too.

Yes, Hitler thought he had fastened his New Order on the hapless Continent "for a thousand years." He can have believed that for a very short time. And then, from scores of "little universities," came the challenge which has undeceived him.

A RARE PET IN NEW ENGLAND

This unusual story of an unusual pet has come to us from a correspondent in the finely wooded New England state of Maine.

A SMALL red fox follows two children about like a puppy in South Brewer. His name is Red, and here, in the children's own words, is how he came to be their pet.

Daddy was coming home from a fishing trip when he saw a little animal in the road. He got out of the car and went over to it, picked up a baby fox and put it in the car, for it was sick or hurt, Daddy didn't know which.

When he got home he made a bed for the fox in the cellar, and took care of him until he was strong, and then one day he took Red way up in the woods and left him, because Daddy wanted him to find some more little foxes to play with.

We missed Red, because he was just like a puppy, playing with us, and was never tied up and never ran away. He was allowed to go anywhere in the house, and he had a favourite chair to sleep in. When he wanted to go out he went to the door and barked, and by and by we would hear him bark and scratch at the door, and then we would let him in.

After Red had been gone two days we heard an awful scratching and barking at the kitchen door. Daddy went to open it, and in came Red like a flash, jumping and barking around us till we thought he would eat us up.

Dogs chase Red sometimes, but they can't catch him. Red never bites; he only takes our hand in his mouth gently.

Daddy says "Red adopted us and wants to live with our family."

The Scenes They Remember

MANY of our fighting men in Normandy, and particularly those from Southern England, must feel almost at home in the Normandy countryside, which so closely resembles that of their homeland.

But all our men are not in Normandy. Hundreds of thousands are far away in distant lands where nothing reminds them of home; and it is their chief complaint that they hear so little about the dear places they have left so that Britain and the whole world shall be free.

A most interesting sidelight on this hunger for lost contacts is afforded by a new appeal from the Director of Army Welfare. He is asking amateur artists to send all pictures they can spare to the Army Comforts Depot at Reading, for recreation rooms overseas. In particular, scenes of the English, Scottish, and Welsh countryside are wanted, for it is that kind of picture which is a real "Army comfort" to men toiling in the mountains of Italy, marooned in North Africa, exiled in India, or fighting in the steaming Burmese mountain jungles.

If, in the language of our fighting men, they ever feel "browned off," as they must do, it may well be that a picture of their beloved motherland on the wall of their hut will bring them solace and delight.



Seaside Joys Again

With the opening of many South Coast beaches numerous children are able to revel in the joys of seaside holidays, some no doubt for the first time.

CANADA'S FIGHTING NAVY

THE Royal Canadian Navy, operating in the finest traditions of its parent Royal Navy, has progressed a long way since the perilous days when German U-boats prowled the North Atlantic, destroying Allied shipping at the rate of about one million tons per month.

At that time U-boats actually outnumbered the vessels escorting the precious convoys of food and war materials to Britain. They roamed the high seas in packs of eight or more virtually unmolested. So weak was convoy escort protection during the early stages of the Battle of the Atlantic, when the Royal Navy was hard-pressed everywhere, that outnumbered Canadian-built corvettes crossed the Atlantic armed literally with nothing but a single wooden gun.

Things are very different today, as is shown by the recent sinking of a U-boat in an Atlantic action in which no fewer than one British and five Canadian warships took part.

The Canadian Navy's role on the Atlantic convoy route since the beginning of the war has been of enormous importance. But it has not operated simply across the Atlantic between Canada and Britain. Seven Canadian corvettes and a flotilla

of motor-launches saw duty in the Caribbean Sea: Canadian ships took part in the campaign for the Aleutians; four Canadian landing craft flotillas were in the Sicilian and Italian invasions; Canadian Tribal class destroyers have seen duty with convoys to North Russia, and were with convoys which attacked off Bear Island when the German pocket battleship Scharnhorst was sunk. On D Day, R.C.N. landing craft flotillas, under the protection of Canadian destroyers, ferried Canadian soldiers to the coast of France. Canadian destroyers and Canadian pilots on loan to the Fleet Air Arm were in the attack on the Tirpitz as it lay at anchor in Alten Fjord, Norway.

Sometimes called the "Wavy Navy," like our own R.N.V.R., because of the pattern of rank braid on the uniforms of its volunteer officers, the fighting Canadian Navy has recently piled up success after success in single and Allied offensive actions against German shipping convoys and E-boats in the Channel.

The growth in ships and personnel of the R.C.N. since the beginning of the war has been tremendous—from six combat ships to 250, from seven auxiliary vessels to 450, and from 1800 personnel to more than 80,000.

The Cradle of Power Politics

IN a recent C.N. we recalled the great men who made Florence one of the most famous centres of the Arts in all time. She was also the home of a great writer whose name has been classed among those who have had a sinister influence on the political history of the modern era. This Florentine was Niccolò Machiavelli, a brilliant scholar and clear thinker, who indeed realised that unity alone could raise Italy to the high rank she had held in her Augustan age, yet forgot its real agents.

In his best-known work, *The Prince*, Machiavelli depicts a strong, ruthless, unscrupulous man as his ideal ruler, and he is the first to explore and expound the theory of "power politics," which occupies so prominent a place in Fascist ideology today.

"All the wisdom of this earth is as nothing unless backed by

force," said Machiavelli. There in a sentence we have Hitler's whole political philosophy from start to finish.

"Experience teaches us," Machiavelli continues, "that it is the monarch who is ever ready to deceive who achieves greatness." Is not this a commentary on the German Fuehrer's career from his coming to power to the great treachery at Munich in 1933, and all that has happened since?

It was no coincidence, too, that led Mussolini, many years ago, when he was writing a thesis for an Italian university, to choose as his subject the works of Machiavelli.

Machiavelli, Mussolini, and Hitler have all ignored that deep-seated belief of man which Mr. Gladstone so aptly expressed—*Nothing that is morally wrong can ever be politically right.*

BEDTIME CORNER

FAIRY CARPET

THERE are tiny fairies hiding
In the grass beneath the tree,
And their dainty footprints
linger—
Only we who love them see.
When the day is slowly ending
And the sun is shining low,
If you wander through the
woodland
Treading softly as you go
You may hear the trumpets
blowing
And the pipes so faint and
sweet,
Hear the tiny flower-bells
tinkle,
Hear the sound of fairies' feet
As they trip adown the valley,
Dressed in garments green and
gold,
Palest yellow, blue, and scarlet;
Oh, a lovely sight, I'm told.
Then they spread the soft
green carpet,
And the pipers—how they
play,
As the merry Elfin people—
Dance and sing till break of
day.
Then the sun awakes and
tinges
All the sky with crimson red,
Tired, weary little fairies

Hasten home and go to bed.
Oh, you say, "I don't believe
it,"
Come with me some day alone,
And I'll show you bits of
carpet
Clinging tight to every stone.

The Man and the Partridge

A PARTRIDGE, having been caught in a snare, begged the bird-catcher to have mercy on her and spare her life.

"Let me go, and I will decoy my companions into the snare," said she.

"That is all the more reason why you should die," replied the fowler, "for you must be very base to be willing to betray your friends to save yourself."

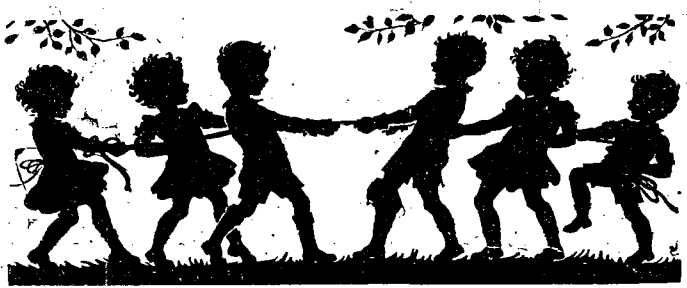
No one loves a traitor.

PRAYER

DEAR FATHER of us all, who hearest even our thoughts in Heaven, help us to think aright and to do only those things which are pleasing to Thee, for Jesus Christ's sake.

Amen

A LONG PULL AND A STRONG PULL



Castle Town and Cathedral City

Marshal Stalin's Orders of the Day have chronicled the fall of many important places as the advancing Russians push the Nazi hordes farther to the West. Just ahead of the victorious Russians lie two more cities of outstanding interest—Koenigsberg with its famous castle, capital of East Prussia, and Cracow, second city of Poland, in whose noble cathedral are the tombs of many of her national heroes.

With Russian armies advancing into East Prussia, the state capital of Koenigsberg, the King's Mount, comes into the news. All the more so since this city, cradle of Junkerdom, has now seen the new fury of the Nazis turned not only upon the outside world, but upon the Junkers themselves—the landed aristocrats of Prussia, who have made war and military robbery their trade for seven centuries.

Koenigsberg is the only town of any size or importance in the whole province of East Prussia. Curiously enough, though its imposing castle, built in the 16th and 18th centuries, covers the ancient blockhouse barracks where the Knights of the Teutonic Order made their first fortress, the Koenigsberg of today is largely a modern town, even its antiquities having been restored. The blockhouse, now hidden by the castle, dates from 1255, however, and it was here that the Teutonic Knights made a headquarters and a home for their Grand Master. Here, too, from 1525 until 1618, was the residence of the Dukes of Prussia, and here were crowned their more ambitious successors who paved the way for the modern German Empire, Frederick I in 1701, and William I, grandfather of the Kaiser we knew, in 1861.

Lair of the Robber Barons

From Koenigsberg the Teutonic Order sent out its marauding bands, first east and north-east, then west and south-west much later on. The town is not too well situated for seaborne trade, for its outlet five miles away is merely the curious Frisches Haff, or Freshwater Lagoon, only 50 miles long and a mere 10 to 15 feet deep. However, the town became in time a port of much significance, first in timber, wool, sugar, and textiles, and later in tea and spirits. But it was never engulfed by the ambitious trade communities of the Hanseatic League, for it was always the robber-barons, never the Hansa merchants, who ruled Koenigsberg.

As a modern fortress, Koenigsberg is just a century old. Perhaps the Russians will now see to it that the cradle of the Junkers never enters upon a new career of war-making.

With the liberating Russian armies at the gates across the Vistula one gallant band of Polish patriots fought in the heart of the Polish capital to kill or trap the cruel masters from whom they had suffered for more than four long years. At the same time other underground fighters were busy in and around the second city of Poland. First Warsaw, then Cracow, though Lublin and Lvov (Lemberg) had already been freed.

Cracow, much smaller in population than Lodz, in what used to be "German Poland," the Manchester of Eastern Europe, smaller even than Lvov, is nevertheless, still the second city of Poland, by reason of its great beauty and its glorious history. Indeed, it was actually the capital in medieval times.

The Canterbury of Poland

In the noble old cathedral of Cracow are the tombs of Poland's mighty heroes, John Sobieski, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, Stanislas Poniatowski, and towering over them is a magnificent Christ by the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen. But there are many other fine churches, mostly Gothic, and famous synagogues, where for centuries the most erudite rabbis have taught the Law and the Talmud. Nearly half the 250,000 people of Cracow are Jews. They have lived and worked and studied there for ten generations and more, and even though they suffered oppression under the Russian Tsarist régime, they never could have contemplated the fate which has come to them under Hitler.

Let us hope that in the future Cracow, the "Canterbury of Poland," will become a landmark of religious and every other freedom.

The Big Sisters

At a station in North-West England ATS girls saved their sweet rations for a week for a party which they gave to 40 children evacuated from the South.

The girls arranged games with bags of sweets as prizes, and in each bag was a sixpence. At tea-time there were cakes and sweets which the ATS girls had made.

We feel sure that this "big sisterly" act was very much appreciated by the young evacuees.

LET US LOOK AT FRANCE

The Story of France, by Eleanor Dooley (Cape, 8s 6d).

THE appearance of this book is well-timed, for in these days so full of hope for France and for civilisation anything that helps us to a better understanding of this great country is doubly welcome. And that is just what this entertaining volume does.

Few lands are so rich in story as France, and Miss Dooley, starting with such good material at her disposal, makes her pages live. There is nothing of the old-fashioned classroom in the way she treats her subject—she takes her reader into the leafy lanes and the historic towns, and there makes the story of France unfold itself from the days of the Old Stone Age Men down to the time of the Great Tragedy.

Charlemagne the Man

The figures of the past are not of the history book—they are made to live again as real people. Take this peep at Charlemagne, for instance.

"His own education had been neglected, but he did not neglect his peoples'. He had a famous school at Aix, for he had brought back teachers from Italy, and one day he met an Englishman, Alcuin, and brought him to Aix, to be the permanent teacher of the people. A jolly school they had, full of grammar and textbooks made by Alcuin, of singers and poets, and teachers, brave enough to make learning a jest. Charlemagne kept tablets of parchment at the foot of his bed, so that if he woke in the night he might practise writing . . .

"Would you like to hear how he dressed? He wore a linen shirt, a sleeved tunic, bordered in silk, a belt, a blue coat, fastened on the shoulder, which reached to the knee. His stockings were fastened with thongs; he wore brogues on his feet, and carried a sword with a hilt and scabbard of gold. In winter his waistcoat was of skin, and on great occasions his clothes were made of cloth of gold and set with precious stones. He believed in glory; sat on a golden throne, and had a golden sceptre. He had twenty children, and so affectionate was he that he liked to have his aunts and uncles and wives to accompany him to his wars."

A Forerunner of De Gaulle

Long before Charlemagne was Vercingetorix who, "splendid, young, great even in boyhood, banished from his father's capital, on the hills above Clermont, called all men unto him for the sake of the freedom of Gaul. He was the first man in Gaul to feel the call of the blood, to know what you mean by a nation. He tried to draw the scattered tribes together in order that they might work and suffer together to get the stranger out of their land, to drive out the military conqueror: 'I fight that all may be free,' he cried." That cry has been echoed today by a distinguished son of France—De Gaulle.

Great names there are in the story of France, and if she was not always fortunate in her rulers, her poets, her painters, and her scientists alone would place her in the forefront of Civilisation. After reading *The Story of France* we cannot doubt that she will be great again.

A Life of Service

EDITH SHELLEY, a Lincolnshire woman, who for fourteen years had been a leper, died recently at her post in Central Africa. Twenty years ago she volunteered to nurse in Africa with the Universities' Mission, and after she herself had contracted leprosy she dedicated her life and her resources to the service of her even more unfortunate fellow sufferers.

While receiving the necessary treatment, to which she responded fairly quickly, Edith Shelley lived close to the Leper Camp at Mkaseka, near Lulindi in Tanganyika Territory, and made a close study of leprosy and its treatment. She came to the conclusion that the segregation of lepers (except in incurable and highly infectious cases) was likely to produce the reverse effect to that desired. The real hope of exterminating leprosy was, she decided, to establish clinics and to persuade people to visit them as out-patients in the very early stages of the disease. So she began a work which developed beyond all expectation, a fortunate improvement in her private resources enabling her to shoulder the financial burden of her undertaking.

At first Edith Shelley built two or three clinics within easy reach of Lulindi, gradually extending her work until she had clinics as far as 80 miles away. These she would visit in turn, either on foot or on a bicycle, living most frugally in true Franciscan spirit, and carrying in a little kitbag the few things she needed. How she accomplished all she did was ever a marvel, and never did she utter a word of complaint of the hardness of her lot. She was greatly encouraged by the

visit in 1938 of Dr Ernest Muir, the eminent specialist, who said that her work was some of the best that he had seen in the Territory.

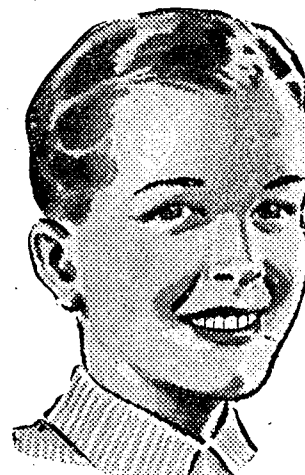
Edith Shelley tramped hundreds, probably thousands, of miles. When a place was discussed, someone would say, "Isn't that too far?" Her answer was, "What nonsense! It is only an eight-hour walk!"

She began by taking to help her one or two African Boys who had contracted the disease. When she had trained them she put them in charge of clinics, which she visited every two or three weeks. Wherever she heard there was a number of lepers some distance from a dispensary, there she would start a clinic.

She fulfilled her purpose in life, for she showed her fellow sufferers how they can best be helped. The knowledge that she herself was a leper and was having "needle dawa" (injections) has given Africans greater confidence.

African nurses cared for her in her last illness, and when she died rifles were fired in the village as for the death of a chief.

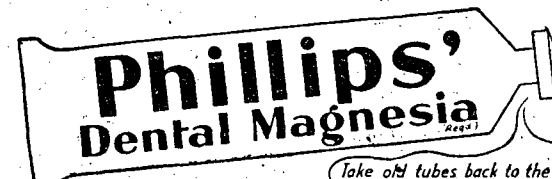
The name of brave Edith Shelley will stand with that of Father Damien as a true servant to the lepers of the world.



TWICE on Sundays?

Bobby smartens himself up and tries to make up for week-day failings by giving his teeth a "double clean" on Sunday. But the practice is most unsound because teeth care must be regular. In the rush of our busy work-a-day week, we must avoid Bobby's error. To keep acid at bay you need to clean your teeth thoroughly, morning and night, with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This toothpaste contains *Milk of Magnesia*, recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

1/1 and 1/10½



*Milk of Magnesia is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

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"The Bread we all enjoy"

The BRAN TUB

Bouncer in Trouble Again



JACKO and Bouncer were in the market-place one day when a cat suddenly appeared from an alley. Bouncer immediately gave chase, but unfortunately at that moment a greengrocer appeared, carrying six large baskets; and although the cat missed the man, Bouncer ran straight into him. The greengrocer lost his balance and down toppled the baskets! "I am terribly sorry, sir," said Jacko; but all the same he thought it wiser to follow the rapidly disappearing animals!

FILLING A GAP

TEACHER: "What is a synonym?"

Pupil: "The word we use when we can't spell the other one."

A Puzzle in Print

OPEN a book at random and within the first ten lines choose a word that is not more than ten from the beginning of the line. Now double the number of the page, and multiply the result by five. Add twenty and then add the number of the line selected.

Now add five and multiply the result by ten. Add the number of the word in the line, and then subtract 250.

The remainder will give in the unit column the number of the word, in the tens column the number of the line, and the remaining figures will be the number of the page.

Nature News

MANY birds are preparing to go—cuckoos and nightjars shelter on the South Coast ready to make the Channel crossing at a favourable moment, swallows and house martins collect.

Flowering freely in pastures is the devil's bit scabious—a slender plant with oblong leaves, quite different from the much-divided ones of field scabious, and with purplish-blue flowers. The end of its root looks as if suddenly bitten off—an old legend said this was the work of the devil, hence the name.

A Matter of 2's

"How long will the next train take to reach Welwyn?" asked a traveller of a porter at King's Cross.

"2 2 2 2 2 2 2," was the reply. What did the porter mean?

Answer: Twenty-two to two to two twenty-two; or forty-four minutes was the time taken.

SARCASTIC

A YOUNG actor remarked that he always slept with gloves on to keep his hands soft.

"Is that so?" said a bored friend. "Then I suppose you sleep with your hat on too?"

An Ancient Hobby

A STONE AGE old man of Dordogne

Made a hobby of gnawing a bone, And after his gnawing He used it for drawing By scratching his pictures on stone.

Why the Sea is Salt

As rivers flow along they bring with them many kinds of matter, such as salt. The Thames is said to take half a million tons of salt into the sea every year. This continual removal of dissolved matter into the sea has made it salt throughout—common salt being the most easily dissolved of minerals and the most freely carried by rivers.

Parting of the Ways

THE Wallet and the One Pound Note

Strode onward o'er the gravel. "I don't go far," the Note confessed,

"When I'm with folks who travel."

"Then part from you," the Wallet said,

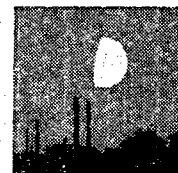
"I must, though I'm unwilling." And so he changed the One Pound Note

And went home with a shilling!

Other Worlds

IN the evening no planets are visible. In the morning

Saturn is low in the east. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at 9.30 B D S T on Monday, August 28.



Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, August 23, to Tuesday, August 29.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 The Pisky Threshers, story by Eileen Molony. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 The Wind in the Willows, by Kenneth Grahame. Part 6—Further Adventures of Toad, with Alan Howland as Narrator, John Rorke as Toad, Ann Codrington as Barge Woman, and Charles Maunsell as Gipsy. 5.50 From America—songs about Outlaws sung to the guitar by Woodie Guthrie.

FRIDAY, 5.20 The Borrowed Garden, a holiday serial by Kathleen Fidler. Part 3—The Garden Pays its Way.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Little Brown Tala and the Jungle Hens, story by May Wynne, told by Elizabeth; followed by Student Songs sung by the BBC Men's Chorus, conductor, John Clements. 5.45 Charles, My Siamese Cat, by Michael Joseph.

SUNDAY, 5.20 William Tyndale, a play by V. A. Pearn, produced by Josephine Plummer.

MONDAY, 5.20 A story, and the Kirkintilloch Choir. 5.45 What of the Bow? a talk about Archery by Laurens Sargent.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Niall and the Magic Pipes, by Allan Mackinnon. Part 3—The Witch of Glen Ruan.

Prompt Action

THE little evacuee rushed in breathlessly, exclaiming that a mouse had fallen into a churn of milk.

"And did you take it out?" asked the farmer's wife.

"Of course not," answered the child, "I put the cat in!"

Riddles About Food

WHY is beef suitable for a Christmas dinner? Because it is meet (meat) for rejoicing.

What is the difference between a hungry man and a man who tarries long at the table? One longs to eat and the other eats too long.

What is the most indigestible supper you can take? When you bolt the door and tuck in the sheets.

Why is a public dinner like a big fir tree? Because from it you may get a great deal bored (board).

Some Dust

HAVE you any idea how much dust there is in a room?

A clean room 20 feet by 15 has been found to contain 230 million specks.

TOPSY-TURVY ZOO

THE Zoo in Topsy-turvy land is really very funny.

The Lion isn't fierce at all, he's timid as a Bunny.

The Wild-cat sits and purrs all day, the Sea-lion sweetly sings, While Crocodiles, they swing in trees, and Chimpanzees have wings.

The Tigers haven't any stripes, the Leopards have no spots,

But Polar-bears and Kangaroos, they both have lots and lots.

No trunk adorns the Elephant, the Camel has no hump,

The Bison has a Peacock's tail, protruding from his rump.

Both Hippo and Rhinoceros flaunt feathers, bright and gay,

But best of all, when you go in, you never have to pay.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Riddle in Rhyme. Cricket

H	E	R	D	S	U	I	T	Try This on a Friend The answers are the common contractions of the days of the week, Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat.
A	T	I	K	O	N	R		
N	A	C	I	T	A	T	E	
D	E	B	I	T	I	R	E	
A	R	T	O	D	E			
A	C	E	O	B	E	E	S	
C	H	A	P	P	E	D	A	Hidden Flowers Pansy, lupin, pink, aster, iris, lily, rose, gardenia.
T	S	E	E	S	A	L		
S	E	T	T	E	M	I	T	



Large sums grow from small beginnings. Open an account with the Post Office or a Trustee Savings Bank. Add a little regularly every week and with the 2½% interest your money earns you'll find your savings growing steadily—a nice little harvest for some future day. Your money will be readily available if you need it. Meanwhile, as your savings grow, they will help to bring Victory nearer.

Let your savings grow in the
POST OFFICE
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Issued by the National Savings Committee



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. This laxative regulates the tender little bowels easily and safely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.